

THE  
C O U R T  
O F  
NEPTUNE  
BURLESQU'D.

C O L L E C T

NEPTUNE

B B R E S O U D

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A Satyr upon the City.

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NEPTUNE

BIRDS OF

Say upon the City.



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A SATYR upon the CITY.

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**B**Egin, *Diverting Muse*, a Comick Strain,  
Of my L--- M--- conducted o're the Main,  
Attended by the Horned City Train.

Sing how the Glassy *Thames* her Current mov'd  
In smootheft Streams, to show how much she Lov'd  
Her Yearly Patrons, whose Religious Care  
From filthy Receptacles kept her clear;  
And how each *Fish* arose with grateful Song,  
To greet the goodly *Court* that Row'd along.

B

On



On *Southmark* Coast an Ancient Port appears,  
 To Market-Folks well known, call'd *Herring-Stairs*,  
 Where the strong Tide when rough, hath Havock made  
 Amongst the Steps and Posts with Age decay'd;  
 There, on the Margin, Poet *Settle* stood,  
 The *City's Genius*, Musing on the Flood,  
 On a Joint-Stool, in Tatter'd Robes Array'd,  
 Which Poverty Proverbially display'd;  
*Poetick* Dulness dwelt upon his Meen,  
 And want of Food had made his Visage Lean.  
 While thus the *Genius* hover'd o're the *Thames*,  
 And with Suspicious Looks Survey'd the Streams,  
 He paus'd, ——then drew a Sigh of Hungry Love;  
 ' And must my L——, said he, these Waters prove?  
 ' Tho they Smile now, they may Deceitful be,  
 ' What is there more inconstant than the *Sea*?  
 ' Had he not better round the *Bridge* have gone,  
 ' Than trust to Faithless Waves that favour none?

He

He said, ---And now the *Marshals* having laid,  
The Formal Order of the *Cavalcade*,  
They march to *Southwark* Stalls to Weigh the *Bread*.  
~~As~~ <sup>As</sup> when the *Judges* are their *Circuits* gone,  
They are in the *Countrey*, and not in *Town*;  
So *City Justice* does *Two Places* Cheer,  
And when my *L---*'s in *Southwark*, he's not here.  
The hasty *Pilots* of the Port, *Old Swan*,  
Hearing a sound, with utmost *Strivings* ran,  
The *M---* and all the *Gaudy Pomp* to meet,  
And *Oar* and *Scull* alternately repeat  
With that rebounding *Noise*, the *Air* was full,  
'Till the *R-----* gravely answer'd, *Scull*;  
The *Boat* was stow'd, and just as they withdrew,  
Forfaken *London* snivell'd this *Adieu*;  
' If *Justice* fly us, what must we expect?  
' Who shall our *Rights* and *Liberties* protect?  
' Upon *Necessity*, *One* might be spar'd,  
' But when *All* go, *Fractions* are justly fear'd:

She

She Sobb'd, — Yet if you must, and Prayers are vain,

- ‘ Let me at least this *one* Request obtain,
- ‘ Quickly for our *Sakes* return again;
- ‘ If not for *us*, for your *own*, make haste Home,
- ‘ Left Dinner should be Cold before you come:
- ‘ Dainties of every Sort the Cook hath Dress'd,
- ‘ Regalio's beyond an *Easter* Feast,
- ‘ *Cods-head*, and *Trout*, *Ven'son*, and *Lumber-Pye*,
- ‘ *Turkeys*, *Fat Geese*, and *Ducks* in Dozens lye,
- ‘ Strong *Letch'rows* Soups, with fatt'ning Comforts fill'd,
- ‘ *Puddings* that store of *Plumbs* and *Marrow* yield,
- ‘ Nay, *Custard* too, by which your *Charter's* held;
- ‘ If these Addresses won't excite your Love,
- ‘ *Justice* and *Piety* will never move.

This said, — Grief choak'd her Words, — She  
(spake no more,

And the *Boat* heavily put off the Shore ;

The Wind propitious, breath'd a gentle Gale,

And honest Scull was hoisting up the Sail,

But



But an intire Cry pronounc'd it laid,  
And every one confess'd himself afraid:  
Now all the *Instruments* began to play,  
And *Twisden* Sung, My *Lady's Wedding-day*;  
The *A——* with other Boats call'd Names,  
And *Justice* merrily cross'd o're the *Tbames*:  
The *Wat'ry Court* expecting, heard the Sound,  
And rose transported from the Muddy Ground;  
The *larger* Sort the Surface gravely bear,  
And Dancing *Sprats* with greeting pop appear:  
The *Finny Train* a Spacious Circle made  
Ith' midst of which, a *Whiting* rais'd her Head,  
And to the *Court* Submissive Homage paid,  
In Learned Speech Salutes each City *Bard*,  
And thank'd 'em for the Honour they conferr'd:  
' My *L——*, said she, and you, most *Rev'rend Dons*,  
' Whom Impudence and Flashy Wit calls *Drones*,  
' In safety may your Sculler Row you on,  
If your own Heaviness don't weigh you down:

- ‘ Your *Virtues* I wou’d fain enlarge upon,
- ‘ Cou’d I but tell what Virtuous Things you had done ;
- ‘ But yours, — True Virtues, — *Ostentation* fly,
- ‘ And your Good Deeds are all in secrecy ;
- ‘ Your *Honesty*, ( your Actions fain wou’d speak,) }  
 ‘ Your *Piety* and *Charity*, ( you lack ) }  
 ‘ And your wife heavy *Heads* ( your *Shoulders* crack,) }
- ‘ With all the other Beauties of your *Mind*,
- ‘ Are much too intricate for me to find :
- ‘ But for your *Rise*, ’tis carv’d upon the *Shield*,
- ‘ Which by that Reverend Fat *Man* is held :
- ‘ That *Sword* which never spilt a Drop of *Blood*,
- ‘ Although by *Bacchus* born, that Fiery *God* :
- ‘ That *Wooden Sword*, whose Painted Terrour Rules
- ‘ The City-Magazin of Passive *Fools*.
- ‘ Within the gaudy Sheath the *Story*’s wrote,
- ‘ How you, Grave *A* ———, your *Riches* got :
- ‘ And as the Course of *all* alike appear,
- ‘ One *Sword*’s the Character of every *M* ———.

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*The Carving on the SWORD.*

**I**N a Sheep-Herd you first were drove to Town,  
Estate, or Education, you had none;  
But a meer Starving, Senseless, Country-Clown;  
On Pity by some Citty you were maintain'd,  
And Drudgery an Estimation gain'd;  
Subt'ly, at length, Apprentiship you won;  
And plodding Observation what was done,  
Taught you the Knavish Cunning of the Town.  
Your Vicious Natures all Temptations fed,  
Bad Principles your want of Learning bred.  
You launch'd: — And your Initiating Device,  
Was to supplant the Author of your Rise.  
Self-Int'rest was the Rule by which you mov'd,  
The Darling-Gold exceptionless you lov'd,  
And every Means of Getting it approv'd.  
The more you got, the more increas'd your Itch,  
And a large Conscience made you soon grow Rich.

Estate

*Estate* thus gain'd, a *Reputation* came,  
*Rich Men* must carry an *unsullied Fame*;  
 Tho' the *Cafe* only does this difference yield  
 'Twixt you and *Knaves*, your *Knavery's* conceal'd,  
 You'r *Honest*, they are *Knaves*, because reveal'd.  
 Deluded good Opinion made you *Great*,  
 And gradual *Preferments* on you wait,  
 With *City Height*, you spurn the *Cringing Crowd*,  
 And *Parish Offices* first made you *Proud*;  
 Now Custom S——'d you, That K——'d brought,  
 And then like *Mad* for A—— you fought,  
 That too attain'd, in a *Furr Gown* you sat,  
 An *Awkward*, *Bridling Mimicry* of *State*;  
 There stopt the violence of your *Career*,  
 And you mov'd on in *Form* to what you are,  
*Right Honourably Dull*, the Good L— M—.  
 This tedious *Speech* had made her *Spirits* droop,  
 And the *Court* order'd her *The Loving Cup*;  
 She drank, —then gratefully return'd the *Mess*,  
 And briefly thus concluded her *Address*;

Your



- ‘ Your *L———*, for your Riches, all Adore ;  
‘ And had you *Wit*, they wou’d Admire you more.  
‘ Your Splendid *Treats* have much Submission bred ,  
‘ And your *Fame* wide as your *Estate* it spread ,  
‘ Your fat full Carcass, and your empty Head. }  
‘ But we have reason most to love your *Feasts*,  
‘ Who never fail to fend for *Us* your *Guests*.  
‘ Propitious may you *Swim*, propitious *Ride*,  
‘ And master both the *Dapple* and the *Tide*;  
‘ Your Ancient Gaud’ry may you still maintain,  
‘ And may Implicit *Coxcombs* fill your *Train* :  
‘ May none a Trial of your Knowledge make,  
‘ But your dull Gravity for Wisdom take ;  
‘ An *Oracle* be every Word that’s spoke,  
‘ And *Piety* for your Deceit a *Cloak*.  
‘ Still may you, Cheating , Thrive, as you begun, }  
‘ And every New Design go smoothly on, }  
‘ Till gloriously you have Bubbl’d all the *Town*. }

She stopt. — And the Court pleas’d with what she said,  
Order’d by the *R———* , Thanks were paid.



Mr. R———— having three times Bow'd,  
 Which Reverence to Mrs. *Whiting* shew'd,  
 Thus wisely spoke, — ‘ *Madam*, the Task’s (quoth he)  
 ‘ Too *Honourable*, and too *Great* for me:  
 ‘ In what fine Posture must my Phrases sit,  
 ‘ When I Address a *Lady* of your Wit?  
 ‘ Your Understanding *Nature* did impart,  
 ‘ Nor are you any ways oblig’d to Art:  
 ‘ And simple *Nature* in your Parts does shew,  
 ‘ More than what both could in another do.  
 ‘ But your Great *Learning* thus enlarging on,  
 ‘ I but expose the Smallness of my *own*;  
 ‘ Which Prudence now shou’d hide. My Order then;  
 ‘ From his good *L————* and the *A————*,  
 ‘ Is, due Thanks to return you for your Speech.  
 ‘ *They* say, your Words are choice, your Fancy’s rich;  
 ‘ And with their *Parsons* wou’d your Doctrines *Preach*;  
 ‘ And bid me tell you, when you grace our Feast,  
 ‘ You shall have better *Cooking* than the rest.

That

That spoke, — A Silence for some time was made,  
And Compliments on both sides being paid,  
Each *Fish* in order bowing, *div'd* her Head:  
Now Poet *Settle* waiting on the Shoar,  
Beheld the glimpse of their Red Gowns afar;  
His beating Heart the pleasing News foretels,  
And eager Transports of a Dinner feels.  
Incessant *Toil* the Honest Scull had spent,  
And the two *S-----* by turns Assistance lent.  
At length laboriously they reach'd the Shoar,  
And *Bayes* congratulates their Safety o're.  
My *L—*, says he, your Passage has been cold;  
Hard by all forts of Cordial Water's Sold:  
This piercing *Air* the Stomach-ake may breed,  
Please you to drink a *Dram* of *Anniseed*?  
The Question needed not a long Debate;  
'Twou'd look unkindly to refuse the *Treat*;  
And every one pronounc'd the Motion good,  
For they confess'd the Air had chill'd their Blood.

The pleasing Cup went acceptably round,  
 And their chill'd Vitals present Healings found;  
 The Vertue of the Waters they approv'd,  
 And then in Order to the *Market* mov'd.

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**F I N I S.**

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*Pag. 8. Lin. 16. for Honourable Dulls, read Honourably Dull.*

